### POETRY.

### Make Home Pleasant.

- More than building showy mansion—
  More than dress and fine array—
  More than denes or lofty steeples—
  More than station, power and sway;
  Make your home both neat and tasteful.
  Bright and pleasant, always fair,
  Where such heart shall rest contented,
  Grateful for each beauty there.
- More than fashion's luring glare—
  More than manmon's glided honors—
  More than thought can well compare
  See that home is made attractive,
  By surroundings pure and bright,
  Trees arranged with taste and order,

- Seek to make your Home most lovely,

- Make your Home a little Eden,
  Imitate her smiling bowers,
  Let a neat-and simple cottage.
  Stand among bright trees and flowers.
  There, what fingrance and what brightness,
  Will each blooming rose display,
  Here a simple vine-clad arbor
  Brightens through each summer day.
- There each heart will rest contented,
- Seldom wishing far to room.
  Or, if roaming, still will cherish
  Mem'ries of that pleasant Home;
  Such a Home makes man the better,
  Pure and lasting its control—
  Home with pure and bright surroundings
  Leaves its impress on the soul.

MISCELLANEOUS.

## SIDNEY GREY:

A TALE OF

### SCHOOL LIFE.

CHAPTER L THE FI UIT FEAST.

"I do wonder, Sidney ;" said Charlotte Grey, "papa has been in the library fully three qua:ters of an hour, and it is half an hour past your lesson time, and yet the bell has not rung. This is the third time that has happened this week. I do wonder what is the reason; there must be ome reason, you know."

"Reason or not," said Charlotte's twin brother, Edward, "it is very provoking. I have to go in to-night with this tiresome Greek verb; and I might have go, it over, and been out riding by this time, if papa had not kept us so long wait-

this time, if papa had not kept us so long waiting."

"You would not have been riding, Edward," said Charlotte; "and, do you know, that is anoths thing I wonder about. Neither your pony nor papa's lorse is in the stable. I peeped in just now, and George told me that Fox had taken them this afternoon to Tiverton. I wonder if papa told him; and why?"

"Oh! for some reason or other; but if I could not have ridden, I could have gone out tishing, or rowing in the boat. Do give me back my knife, Sidney; I must be doing something."

"Not cutting pleees out of the table, or spoiling Amy's workbox," said Sidney: "You had better read over your verb; I don't think you know it at all too perfectly."

"Ch bore!" said Edward. "What was it you were saying, Charlotte, about my pony?"

"I have another thing to tell you as well," said Charlotte, opening her blue eyes very wide.

"You, none of you ever listen to me; and yet I am as sure as poesible that something extraordinary is happening. This morning I saw two men

ary is happening. This morning I saw two men

am as sure as possible that something extraordinary is happening. This morning I saw two men walking down with Fox to the boat-house; and this afternoon I just looked in through the key-hole, and I do believe that the boats are gone. I sould not see them. I asked Fox to give me the key, but he would not."
"You talk a great deal too much to Fox," said Amy, the eldest sister, looking up from her drawing. "Are you listening to her, Bidney?" she said, turning to her eldest brother. "You surely know too much of Charlotte's wonderings to think them worth attending to." Sidney was listening, however. He had left off turning over the leaves of his dictionary when the conversation began; and he sai now with his hand resting on his book, and his eyes fixed on the opposite wall, with a thoughtful pondering look on his face, which Charlotte put down as her fourth subject for wonderment.

"The bell at last!" cried Edward. "My book, Charlotte, my book; and, O! do you go in first, Sidney. I must have one more look at this stupid second acrist. I believe I do not know my verb after all."

"Papa has rung the bell," said a voice at the Goor; "but he has sent me to say that only Sidneys is to gone in the library; the others may

coor; "but he has sent me to say that only Sidney is to come in the library; the others may

go out."
"I wonder why," said Charlotte.
"Blerious!" cried Edward, "Well done,
Frank, for bringing such good news. You
shall have the first turn in the swing for that,

Frank, for bringing such good news. You shall have the first turn in the swing for that. Come, Charlotte."

"Stay a minute," cried, Charlotte. "Amy, that is my business;" and before Amy had leisurely laid down her pencil on the ledge of her drawing deek, Charlotte had run to the other end of the roem, and brought her brother Sidney's cratches to the side of his chair. He had used theil so long that none of the children wondered at his wanting them, or at his looking so altogether unlike any one else. In the meantime, Edward gathered up Sidney's books, and Frank went before to open the door for him.

Mr. Grey met them at the library door. He took the pile of books from Edward without speaking, and beckoned Sidney to come in.

The library was the pleasantest room in the house. It was a long, narrow room: the walls covered with books and pictures; and at the further end a large glass door opening into a conservatory. In the boay window stood Sidney's own particularly comfortable chair, the table which held his books, and the arm chair in which his father sat in the evening. Here the happiest hours of Sidney's life had been passed—here he had read and re-read his a vorite books, built his bright castles in the air, and enjoyed the longest and most confidential talks with his father. During the last few months a shadow had fallen on his happy time and his happy corner; he did not know whether the fault lay in the room, or in himself, or in his father; but there a waschange somewhere, and Sidney had never felt it so strongly as he did on the particular evening of which we are steaking.

The room was certainly to b'ame for part of the discomfort; it did not look st all as it used to do. Many of the books had been moved from their old places, and lay in confe sion on the door The tables were littered over with dusty papers and parchments; even Sidney's own particular table had to be cieared before Mr. Grey could find room for his books. When he had done this, and disposed of the crutches behind the sofa, he sat down, a

"That will do, Sidney. We have had enough for to-night; that will do."
"Bit, pape. I have prepared twice as much."
"Never mind, put the book down. I have something to say to you, Sidney. You are a very clever boy; you know more than most boys of your age."

"Do I?" said Sidney, looking up surprised.—
"I don't know any boy of my age, you know;
or, indeed, any boys, except Edward and
Frank."

Mr. Grey pushed the books hastily away from him as Sidney spoke, get up, walked twice up and down the library, and then sat down egain."

sgain."

Shut up your book, Sidney," he said.—

Instead of hearing you read, I am going to tall you a story to-night. It is about people whom you know well; but you have never yet heard what I am going to tell you now.

"There was a gentleman who lived in a country house which stood close to a railway; a wicket gate opened from his garden on to a broad, gravelled road, which ran along the top of an embankment; directly below it lay the lines of

rails."
"Like our house and our railway," said Sidney; "only there is a thick hedge, and no way of getting from the garden to the embank-

of getting from the garden to the embankment."

"Here there was a way; and the people who lived in the bouse—the father and mother, and the children—used often to walk up and down the read on summer evenings, watching for the late train to pass. One hot evening the father was walking there with his little son, a boy about a vear old, in his arms. He heard the whistle of a train in the distance, and he walked to the edge of the embankment to let the cuild see it coming. The train was just in sight when the father chanced to look across the line, and he saw that a little girl, a poor neighbor's child, was creeping along the rail furthest from the embankment, over the very spot where the train must pass. He had very little time for thinking what he ought to do. He put his own child down, as far from the edge of the embankment as he could, sprang across the railroad, and snatched up the other child just in time to save it from teing killed. Ine train was a very long one; the father thought it never would have passed—that he never should get back to his own child."

passed—that he never should get back to his own child."

"Well," saidSidney, "he did get back? His child was not killed, was he?"

"Not killed; sometimes he has been tempted to think that it would have been better if it had been so. The child, afraid of being left alone, crept to the edge of the embankment, and fell over. He was not killed; he is alive now; but he never recovered from the effects of that fall—it made him a c ipple for life. Do you think, Sidney, that the boy will repret what his father did? Do you think, when all his life he will have to suffer the consequences of it, that he will ever blane his father?"

"No." said Sidney, holding out a trembling

blance his father?"

'No," saio Sidney, holding out a trembling hand; 'I am sure he never will. I think that the recollection of what his father did—of how he saved the life of that other chile—will help him hear almost any pain or trouble."

'Thank you," said Mr. Grey, taking hold of Sidney's hand; 'I see you understand my story. You are right; I am the father, and you are the child. You will worder, perhaps, why, in all our talks, I never told you this before; but I waited till I saw that you were quite willing to take your lameness, and all the privations it brings with it, as coming directly from your Father in heaven, before I told you what might tempt you to dwell too much, as I have often dwelt, op the outward circumstances, and wish that they had been otherwise."
'I do not think I shall. I think I had rather

been otherwise."

"I do not think I shall. I think I had rather the circumstances had been just these. But why did you tell me to-night?"

"For several reasons; but chiefly because I had been thinking of you before you came in. Not of the old trouble—I have learnt long since to bear that for you and for myself—but I have been thinking whether, in my anxiety to save you pain, I may not have done you a greater injury, and crippled your mind still more than your body. I have watched over you too carefully; I have never let you see any one who could say a rough word, or pain you by a surprised look. Instead of strengthening you to bear your lot, I have weakly tried to put off the evil day when you will have to feel it. If the evil day comes sooner than I could have expected it would; if, instead of having me to watch over you, you have to go among rough people—who will make you feel at-every moment the difference between yourself and them, who will teach you what it really is to be deformed and helpless—how will you be able to bear it? I fear you will find that I have not prepared you for what your real lot is,"

"Papa," said Sidney, speaking low, after a

hear the end of your translation, and then you may go to your brothers and sisters. I have letters to write, that must be ready by post time."

hear the end of your translation, and then you may go to your brothers and sisters. I have letters to write, that must be ready by post time."

Sidney carefully marked the places in the books that had not been used, that they might be ready for the time when his father wanted them; but the marks stayed in the books, and were never taken out, though they were often enough looked at. That was Sidney's last lesson with his father. The leisure time for hearing the unfinished lessons never came.

Mr. Grey seemed to be very busy and pre-occupied for several days; and then he went suddenly away to London, and the children had a week's holiday. It was a strange, unsettled kind of work. The servants interfered much less with the children than they had been used to do; they were left almost entirely to their own devices; the usual regulations and occupations of the house stood still. Charlotte and Edward took advantage of this liberty to carry out one or two of their grand projects, which had hitherto always been nipped in the bud by some unwelcome interference. They succeeded in spoiling the largest hotbed by trying to make a model of Thames Tunnel through it. They unroofed the pinery, and put all the squares of glass which they did not break, ready to build a Crystal Palace when they should have time; and they even made some progress in a grand design for painting the plaster walls of the old summer-house in fresco, like the pictures in Sidney's fave Pompell book.

Amy had found an English copy of Fouque's "Magic Ring," and she could scarcely be said to make one of the party at all. Her body was preent, sitting on the steps in the library, or pacing up and down the Syrings walk; but for any help, or control, or sympathy which her younger brothers or sister received from her, she might as well have been where her thoughts were—in the Lady Minnetrost's enchanted hall. Sidney sat in his easy chair under the plane-trep, and answerer-general to all puzzling questions. If he had not looked a little paler and gravet than usua

of the freeco painting and their father's return home.

Amy, who had finished her book, was coaxed into taking an interest in the feast, and into giving Charlotte leave to bring as many plates, dishes, and spoons from the house as she choose. Sidney and his easy chair were wheeled out of the way into the wood, that there might be somebody to be surprised when the preparations were finished. Sidney was used to be shoved out of the way when he was not wanted, and had an inex haustible stock of surprise and pleasure always ready for the general good.

Charlotte was famed for her feasts and surprises; but this one was intended to exceed all her past attempts.

"Please to observe," she said to Sidney, when she brought him in triumph to look at her pre-

"Please to observe," she said to Sidney, when she brought him in triumph to kok at her preparations, "what a number of things I have got together. I have made at least twenty journeys to the house, and every time I have brought away just what I had set my heart upon. No one interferred with me. Do not the strawberries look well in that glass dish? and have not I gathered beautiful flowers for the vases. Now, I have a project in my head. Let us make an agreement to have just such a feast as this, on this day, every Midsummer holiday. Does any one know what day of the morth it is? I'll ru into the house, and mark it on the almanac in the library. Don't let Frank touch anything till I came back."

"Be quick, then, Charlotte, or I can't wait," said Frank.

"Be quick, then, Charlotte, or I can't wait,"
said Frank.

"Amy," said Sidney, waking up suddenly
from a reverie, "what is your idea of a great
misfortune?"

"Pr.y don't ask such a disagreeable question
just now," said Amy, rather pottishly.

"It is a stupid question, too," said Edward.
"Why, every one knows what misfortunes are.
You don't knew, Sidney, perhape, because you
have never been to school, or had the least
trouble about anything; but I've had misfortunes
erough. I'm always getting into trouble at

school; and even in the holidays, why, did not I tell you this morning what had happened to my new fishing-rod? It would not have happened to any one but me."

"Now, do you know," said Frank, "I thick that it is a misfortune to have to sit still so much in an easy chair, never to be able to run, or o rice, or to walk, except on — What do you do that for? What makes you pinch my arm so, Edward?"

"You little, stupid goose," whispered Edward.
"Pever mind, Edward," said Sidney; "that was not what I meant. I was not thinking of myself when I began to talk about misfortunes."

"Don't let us talk or think any more about them, than," said Amy. "Here comes Charlotte, running very fast; perhaps she has seen the carriage with papa coming up the drive."

"so," said Charlotte, who came up in time to brar the last sentence. "No, I have not seen the carriage; but I have had quite an adventure quite an adventure. When I went into the library I found that there were two men in it—queer looking men; and they were looking at the books in the book-shelves, and writing down the titles: was it not strange? I walked softly on to see who they were, for of course I to tough I had better find out. Just as I got behind them, one of the men pulled his handkerchief this printed paper. I snatched it up, and ran away with it. Was not that clever? Now we shad find out something very extraordinary, I have no doubt." we shall find out something very extraordina-ry, I have no doubt."
"For shame. Charlotte," said Amy. "What

"For shame. Charlotte," said Amy. "What right have you to take papers out of people's pockets? You are far too inquisitive."
"It's printed," said Charlotte; "and the man had a whole bundle of them."
"Tell her not to read it, Sidney," said Amy; but Sidney's eyes had been caught by some words on the paper, which Charlotte's began hastily to unroll. Ite started up from his chit; the color left his face; his lips trembled so that he could not speak.

"What a very strange thing," cried Charlotte, "Why, here's papa's name on the paper. Listen, all of you. Sale of effects of T. Grey, Req. Drawing-room furniture—Extensive library—School-room—Play-rox m—all our things—actually the old rocking-torse. What can it mean? They cannot all be going to be sold."

"It's a joke," said Edward.
"Oh, Sidney! what does it all mean?" said Amy.
"The misfortune come," said Sidney, greaking.

Amy.
"The misfortune come," said Sidney, speaking balf to himself.

The children all stood still and silent at the sound of the word misfortune. It was but a word to them; they did not really know what it meant; but for a moment they felt stunned and awe-struck.
"I found it out, however," said Charlotte, at

"I found it out, however," said Charlotte, at last.

"Is it anything that need prevent our eating our strawberries?" said Frank.

"How fortunate it was, Edward," said Charlotte, eagerly, "that we began to pain; the summer-house; for if everything in the other house is going to be sold, we might possibly live there, and then"—

"It will smell dreadfully of paint," said Frank.

"Nonsense, children," said Amy, impatiently, "Sidney, dear Sidney, what can it possibly mean?"

have never let you see any one who could say a rough word, or pain you by a surprised look. Instead of strengthening you to bear your let, I have weakly tried to put off the evil day comes sooner than I could have expected it would; instead of having me to watch over you, you have to go among rough people—who will make you feel at-every moment the difference between yourself and them, who will teach you what it really is to be deformed and helpless—how will you be able to bear it? I fear you will find that I have not prepared you for what your real lot is."

"Papa," said Sidney, speaking low, after a few minutes' silence, "I do not know how I should bear what you have been saying; but if the evil day you talk of should come, you need not, at least, blame yourself for not having prepared me for it. You have taught me the only thought that can make one really willing to bear things; and—I am afraid to talk about miyelf—but I hope that with His help, and for His sake, I should be able, if it comes. Don't be afraid for me."

"I will not, then. I shall trust you, Sidney, to be the bravest of any of us. We will not talk more about it to-night. I think I should like to hear the end of your transistion, and then you may go to your brothers and sisters. I have may go to your brothers and sisters. I have may go to your brothers and sisters. I have may go to your brothers and sisters. I have may go to your brothers and sisters. I have

Mr. Grey's news was worse than even Sidney apecied. He told them that they must all prepare to leave their old home for ever, and, what was still worse, that he should be obliged to leave them for a short time. He entered fully into the reasons and the necessity for this change with Sidney; but Amy could not follow the conversation. She only understood that ber father had experienced a sudden reverse of fortune, and that some business connected with the loss of his priperty would oblige him to go immediately to India, and be absent from England about a year. He had determined to senthe children, during his absence, to live with their mother's aunt, who was willing to receive them, and of whom they had often heard; but they had never yet seen her. Sidney tried to say something about the wish they had always had to see this aunt, whom their mother had peved so dearly; but his voice broke down, and the idea of ever being reconciled to a new home redoubled Amy's tears.

## CHAPTER II.

Another week passed in a kind of dreary bustle. Mr. Grey was much from home, and when he was at home he was engaged, either in seeing people who came to him on business, or writing letters and arranging papers. Every day he looked more fatigued and sorrowful; the children spoke in whispers when he was near; and all, except Sidney, were beginning to be afraid of him. Amy s, ent the time in wandering restlessly over the house and garden, taking long farewell of all her favorite places, and musing over her gr ef and her misfortunes. Sile was not exactly unhappy; she rather liked the idea of being a heroine, and suffering a great deal; and she ammsded herself between her fits of tears, by imagining scenes in which she was to behave very well and attract a great deal of attention.

Sidney made a great discovery during this week. He found out that he could go up and down siars without help, and that he could walk shout a great deal more, and stand longer without being tired, than he had ever before been allowed to think possible. He began at once to do without the attendance he had been accustomed to all his life. Instead of sitting still to be waited upon, he exerted himself to help other people, and seemed to take pleasure in showing his father how independent he could be. Edward took this sudden energy of Sidney's very much to heart. He stood by with an anxieus face whenever his brother was doing anything, and seemed to find his chief com fort in following him up and down stairs, with a chair in his band, and forcing him to sit down at inconvenient times.

Charlotte would have been anxieus about Sidney if she had had time to think about him; but she was fully occupied, during the whole week, in packing and unpacking a small box, which, she said, was to have in it everything that anyone could possibly want, and to be like the mothers bag; in the "Fight ime. Matter-offact Frank suggested, that as the things Charlotte sold that one never anew what might hem. Charlotte said that one never snew what might hem. Charlott

had ever been before, they would remember old conversations he had had with them on their particular faults and temptations, and the right way of struggling against them; and that the new circumstances in which they were going to

particular faults and temptations, and that the new circumstances in which they were going to be placed, might prove better teachers than he could be.

The last time they all assembled to drink tea in the library, was more like the old family gatherings, than any they had had for several months. Sidney ceaxed Edward out of his dark exner; and Charlotte, her crying well over, grew almost merry as she tidled the room, and cleared the table for tea, and settled Sidney in the bay window. Mr. Grey put aside his business for that one evening; and they all sat round the open window, and talked cheerfully and quietly about travelling and India, and the prospect of meeting again soon in some other home, not so pleasant as that, of ccurse, but still very pleasant. Charlotte asked questions about their journey to-morrow, and made her father describe their aunt to them once more, though they had heard of her ever since they could remember, and knew that she had been a great invalid for many year, and lived very much alone in an old-fishioned house about a mile from the town of Duussall, in Staffordshire. There was a very good school at Dunstall; and Mr. Grey had arranged that Sidney and Edward were to attend it as day-scholars. Edward was very much dismayed at the thought of Sidney's having to go to school; but if Sidney himself did shrink from the thought of mixing with strangers, from which he had hitherto been so carefully guarded, no one saw any signs of it. He talked eagerly about schoolfellows and prizes, and the pleasure he should have in seeing a game of cricket.

Charlotte congratulated herself very much, the next morning, on having got over all her crying the evening before, for the train by which they were to travel started at an early hour; and the excitement of gatting up at four o'clock, the interest of seeing all the packages fastened on the top of the carriage that was to take them to the station, and her last dispute with Fox, about the placing of her Robinson Crusoe box, occupied her mind so fully, that s

They were only just in time for the train, and the bustle and the short good- bye helped to keep up the excitement of Charlotte's spirits. Perhaps they would have given way if she had caught the last look between her father and Sidhaps they would have given way if she had caught the last look between her father and Sidney, when they shook hands through the carriage window the minute before the train started; but her bead was tur ed in an opposite direction at the time, for Edward was working off his sorrow by vig rous kicks under the seat against the provision-basket, and Charlotte trembled for the fate of a certain bottle of her own currant wine, with which she designed to refresh Sidney during the journey. When she lifted up her head the train had left the station, and the journey that was to take them from their old home and their old friends was begun.

The first few hours were dismal exough. Amy eried sliently in her corner of the carriage, and Frank had got into one of his interminable its of tears, which every one who knew him dreaded. Sidney ta ked cheerfully, but looked tired; and when Charlotte and Edward asked him, which they did very often he was obliged to confess that the motion of the carriage hut his back. Charlotte was always sure that some other position than the one he was in would be more more comfortable, and she made him change his seat twenty times in the course of an hour; while Edward propped him up with all sorts of hard and ciddly-shaped parcels, which were always tumbling down, and having to be re-arranged. It was not until Sidney was quite exhausted, and till Charlotte and Edward were on the point of quarfeling over their joint efforts for his comfort, that they were persuaded by Amy to allow him a little peace. Charlotte hoped that the unpacking of the provision basket, and the discovery of the currant wine, would make a pleas-

covery of the currant wine, would make a pleasant diversion from melaucholy thoughts; but though after some time she persuaded Frank and Edward to be hungry, her own fore-thought did not receive so much gratitud as she thought it deserved. The currant wine had effervescod, forced the cork out of the bottle, and overilowed among the sandwiches; the little that remained proved to be muddy, and of a dark color. Chariotte attributed this to something perticular in the currant; but Edward suggested that it might be owing to Charlotte's having put the wine into an old ink hottle which had never been properly washed. This difference of opinion gave rise to a long family dispute, in which every one grew loud, and which, at all events, had the good effect of rousing Amy and Frank from their crying fits, and giving Frank an appetite for the wet sandwiches, which no one else could touch.

As the hours passed on, the children began to feel the effects of their early rising. Edward fell asleep with his mouth open, and the rest of the party became very quiet. Charlotte began to feel doleful, and was just asking herself whether her insensibility in the morning was not a proof that she was an unfeeling monster, when her attention was once more turned from her own feelings by the entrance of two fellow-travellers, who very much excited her interest and curiosity. The first was a tall, thin gentleman, dressed in black. He seemed to be short sighted, for, on getting into the earriage, he stumbled first over the feet of the other traveller, and then over the edge of Charlotte's Robinson Crusoe box. It was the look he gave to this box as he rubbed his ancle, and the contemptuous kick with which he thrust it under the seat, which first made Charlotte resoive to keep her eye on him, and made her discover that he was a very suspicious-looking person. The other was a boy, apparently about Sidney's age, though he was much taller. A quantity of black, curry hair tumbled over its forehead, and had to be constantly pushed back from a pair

anxiously.
"I should think so."
"Worse than a thief." "A thief?"
"Oh, dear! What a pity he got into our carriage!"

"Oh, dear! What a pity he got into our carriage!"

"Yes, indeed; I never travel in the same carriage with him if I can help it."

"Will be hurt us?"

"He has often enough hurt me."

"But it is broad daylight," said Charlotte, ponderingly.

"We are coming to a tunnel scon—the longest in England—there is no lamp in the carriage. I advise you to be on your guard there."

"Why, what could I do?" asked Charlotte, rather loud.

"Sit still, now," answered the boy, sitting back in his corner; and Charlotte saw that two-very keen grey eyes were looking at them ovet the spectacles. Something in their expression made her disinclined to talk any more; but Charlotte was no coward, and she felt herself called upon by circumstances, to take an active

part in looking after the safety of the family. She placed her-eif in the seat opposite that of the formidably fellow-traveller, and sat for half an hour without once moving her eyes from the top of his spectacled nee, enjoying the consciousness of being the only person in the carriage quite awake, and feeling of more consequence than she had ever done in her life before. At last, a long, shill whistle made her start; there was a strange rushing sound in the air, and the bright daylight changed in an instant to pitch darkness. Charlotte had never been in a tunnel before, and she had been exciting herself with foolish fancies; her heart beat very fast; she felt as if she must do something; and jus; while her fears were at their height some one moved. It was the opposite neighbor; he was getting up slow-ly-he was stooping over towards bidney's seat. It was more than Charlotte could bear. She made a spring forward, and caught at something—a hairy thing—it gave way—horrible! Charlotte threw it to the other end of the carriage, and screamed. Some one pushed her back into her seat, and the next minute the daylight streamed in at the window.

The opposite neighbor was holding Charlotte's hands. His head was bare, shifting, and bald; and his brown wig, a good deal ruffled, was resting on the top of Sidney's crutch at the other end of the carriage.

"Oh, dear!" said Charlotte, pulling back her hands: "I was so frightened. I thought you were just going to"—

Fut Charlotte old not really know what she had thought, so she stopped short, and glanced at her new friend, in the hope that he would come forward to help her with her explanation. He was leaning forward in his seat, his face buried in his hands, and his shoulders shaking in a very snepicious manner.

The gentleman's eyes followed the direction of Charlotte of help her with her explanation and said, "Oh."

Then follow five minutes, when every one talked together. Amy scolded Charlotte for being so filly; Sidney apologized to the gentleman, and handed back the wig; a

found on his seat, and that the dark-haired boy was seized with a very odd-sounding it of coughing.

"Safe at last," said Charlotte to Edward, as she stood by her brother on the platform, with her box in her hand. "I never expected it. You can't think what I have gone through on the journey."

"You can't think how foolishly you have been behaving," said Edward, who had wakened from his sleep in a very bad humor, and had been casting suspicious glances on their younger fellow-passenger over since. "That boy has been making a joke of us the whole way. I tell you he is laughing now, and talking about us to those other two boys who met him at the carriage door."

Edward was very apt to fancy that people were laughing at him, and to prove that he was mistaken, Charlotte looked round at the group of boys behind her.

"They are not laughing," she said. "The boy who trayelled with us is coming this way to look for his lungage; the others are turning away. But oh, Edward! look what one of them is doing now! What a shame! How crue!"

At Charlotte's eager tone all the children, including Amy and Sidney, who were claiming their lungage, turned round. One of the boys to whom their young fellow-traveller had been taking, was now walking slowly down the station, one shoulder very much pushed up, his

their linggage, turned round. One of the boys to whom their young fellow-traveller had been taking, was now walking slowly down the station, one shoulder very much pushed up, his head on his breast, his left foot turned in—he was mimicking Sidney. Sidney gave one surprised look, and then turned away, and went on counting the parcels. One look was enough, too, for Edward. Before Charlotte could stop him he was half way across the platform, and the boy, taken off his guard, lay sprawling on the ground.

"He is up again; he has struck Edward! Oh, Sidney! they are fighting. Stop them!" cried Charlotte.

Sidney bastened to the spot; but before he came up to the boys, two of the bystanders had interfered between them. One was stall woman in a red shawl, who selzed Edward by the collar, and dragged him violently along the platform; the other was Charlotte's friend in the brown wig, who repreved the boys in a tone of strong indignation, and ordered them immediately to leave the station.

"I am astonished, Collins," Sidney heard him say; "I thought you were more of a gentleman."

The boys walked away, looking somewhat crestfallen, and Sidrey turned round to look after Edward and his rescuer. Edward had shaken himself free from her not very gentle grasp, and was now straightening his collar with one hand, and with the other holding a handkerchief up to his eye.

"There is one thing I hope," she was saying as Sidney cane up; "I hope you are not one of the Master Grey's; for if you are, a pretty beginning you've made of it—fighting with the schoolboys before the Doctor's very eyes. A pretty life my missis is likely to have. Boys are bad enough any way; but fighting boys—"

"Do you ceme from our aunt's; from Mrs. Ellice's?" Sidney interrupted, knowing that, under the present circumstances, Edvard's answer would be long in ceming. "Are you come to meet us?"

"I am; and I can't say I'm glad you're come. Is all this your luggage?" she added turning to

the present circumstances. Edward's answer would be long in coming. "Are you come to meet us?"

"I am; and I can't say I'm glad you're come. Is all this your luggage?" she added, turning to Amy. "I nover saw such a quantity so badly packed. It must come to the house, I suppose; but I'll not have it tumbering about. There's a fity waiting fer you outside the station. I suppose you don't mean to stay here all night;" and, seizing on two carpet bags, which she dragged along much in the same way, in which she had dragged Edward, she marched on, and the children silently followed her. She scolded Amy at the carriage door, for not having brought anything with her in her hand; and when the children were safely shut inside the cab, she climbed up on the box, and altered the arrangement of every or e of the boxes which the man had placed on the top of the carriage.

"Is that strange woman going to drive, I wonder?" said Frank. "No; she is sitting down with all the carpet-bags in her lap. I wonder what sort of a prace we are going to."

# To be Continued.

A Correspondent's Visit to the Indian Graves PANAMA, Sept. 17, 1859.

The very contradictory reports received here of the quantity of gold obtained from the Indian graves in the department of Chiriqui, and of the value of in the department of Chiriqui, and of the value of the discovery as opining a new field for immigration, induced me to pay a visit to the locality for the purpose of obtaining the most reliable information. From Panama to the anchorage off the mouth of the river on which the town of David is situated, is about 24 hours' voyage by steam, and from Coca Chica, the landing-place, to David, occupies from 6 to 10 hours in a cance. A short ride of three miles, over a fine open country, brings the traveler from the river landing to the town. The steamer fare was \$25; the boat up the river is charged for at the rate of \$1.80 for each over and \$4 for the boat, We had six rowers, and our cance could comfortably have accommended 99 persons, with their baggage. A horse to fine town costs 40 cents, and ox-carts bring in the baggage at the rate of 20 cents per package.

David, the capital of the department, is one of the few towns that have sprung up in New Granada since fis independence. It is situated in the centre of an extensive plain, at the base of the slope of the Yolcan (as its name implies, as extinct volcano); the population may number about 5.00, among whom are a few foreigners, mostly Germans, Italians and French; but heretofore only a few of the Yankse nation had found their way into this quiet little spot, and none of those appear to have satilted down, probably from not finding sufficient enterprise among the easy-going people, whose ambition foces not go beyond tending to their hords and raising a sufficiency of the products of the solt for their support. There is a pretty good hotel in the town, kept by a Frenchman, and since the gold excitence two or three more fondas are about being opened. House-reat is reasonable. Beef and opened. the discovery as opening a new field for immigration,

provisions are cheap. A cattle catate may be bought for about \$6 a head, all round; horses from \$0 to \$20 not very good), and so in proportion. The land of the department is held under an old Spanish cesules real, and in comment. There is no such thing as ownership, the holder baving no title for a longer time than he is in several occupancy. All lands not thus held may be squatted uron, and the settler's right is good, and cannot be traininged. The entire of the department is atundantly watered by streams that rise in the Cordillerse, and run with quick descent to the seat though they offer souse of the finest mill-sites in the world, there is not a stogle wheel in the whole country, and all the work of preparing cane, &c., is done by hand. There are two seasons—the dry, which lasts from December to May, and the wet, for the rest of the year. Ascending the elope of the Volcan, which rises to a height of almost 12,000 feet, any temperature can be found, from the burning tropical to that of perpetual Spring; from the region of the palm to that of the oak. Such is Chiriqui and David its capital. Throughout the rest of the department a few villages are scattered; but the granest part of the land is entirely unoccupied, and to most of people residing there, as little known as the interior of Africa. This introduction may be useful to those who propose visiting the gold diggings, or think of exploring the interior for the rich mines of the preclous metal said to exist, and at one time to have been immensely productive.

Guaca, not Huacaa nor Huaca, as generally written, is an Indian name for the burying-places of the dead, referring chiefly to those sepulchres dug in the ground and surmounted with a circular or conical mound of earth. It is probably of Peruvian origin, but is generally used throughout Spanish America and is to be found in Satav's Dictionary.

The "Guacas" abound throughout the provinces of Chiriqui, Versquas, and Azuero, and their veat numbers prove that at one period the country must have been very

be known from one in which only coarse pottery is found; and its only very careful search in the earth at the bottom that brings to light the golden treasures.

The Guaca varies in depth from two to five yards, and appears in all cases to have been sunk until the hard sub-stratum was reached, on which the stone coffin or box, containing the remains of the deceased, was placed. This coffin is made of a species of flagstone, found in some of the rivers, and is from five to seven feet in length, by eighteen or twenty inches broad and deep; in some cases it is overed on the top with two or three of these flat stones; in others there is no cover. Within these graves a rich black mold is found—the remains, evidently, of the body—and around it are placed earthenware pots and the golden ornaments, with sometimes stone hatchets and arrow-heads. When the gold is not found in the stone inclosure, it is sometimes obtained at the left hand side of the body, and in some cases it has been discovered in lateral excavations made at the bottom of the grave. The quantity as well as the quality of the gold varies very much; the smallest size figures are generally of the purest metal, and the round plates of vory thin gold are always of a high standard; but many of the largest animals and bells are highly alloyed with copper, and perhaps some other metal. The largest quantity found in any one grave was said to be about its list, but it may be confidently asserted that in the graves opened, up to the present time, not one in the has contained gold. I know of one; at who perhaps they are too hasty in their examination, but certain it is that most of the gold has been discovered by matives of the country. It is impossible to arrive at anything like a true estimate of the quantity discovered up to the present time; those who have been fortunated on this to let their success be known, and those who buy from the natives try to keep all their negotiations secret. Taking into account the amount already sent to Panama, tegether with what is

south the two-first way of an absolute to see the control of the control of the United Street and Descript. In the dry country with the water of the Control of the Control

Rev. W. B. Maxson, D. D., followed with a few marks in corroboration of Dr. Bassan. Rev. Dr. C. B. Fras was in favor of publishing tracts for gra-tious distribution, so as to place the Union more fore the world.

tious distribution, so as to place the Union more before the world.

Rev. Dr. Broadous, of Va., alluded to his visit to
New York in 1929, to confer with the late Dr. Broadour.

The Bible was the most important volume
in the world, but it was now so imperfectly translated
as to be full of contradictions and ambiguous phrases
which were much minunderstood by the mass of the
people. For years the work had been going on firmly,
steadily, but quit ify, and now be could answer for it
that the majority of the Baptists of Virginiawers
strongly in favor of Bible revision.

Rev. Dr. N. B. Baldowin, of Philadelphia, spoke
first in the conference meeting, which was now
opened. Ew. Dr. T. L. Bransammon, of Indians,
came from a State where not only the majority, but
every man, woman and child, of any intelligence,
was a revisionist. Ew. Dr. J. F. Price, of S. C.,
was still weak with the chills which he had taken
while preaching revision in Taxas. He thought if
the truth of God's word "stack," to men's consciences as closely as the chills stuck to bim; all the
world would turn to be revisionists.

Journed.

AMERICAN BIBLE USION—SECOND DAY.—
The business meeting commenced at 9 o'clock A. M. after an hour of conference meeting had been held The attendance was quite large. Nov. Dr. Ameraes

The attendance was quite large. Nov. Dr. Ameragi in the Chair. Rev. Mr. Cannyn, of Ohlo, was the first speaker.— He was strong in favor of Bible revision, and as warrant for it, quoted Nebennish VIII. S. Prot Whitting followed in the same strain, taking Christ's

man Beriptures, reported that a call had come from Germany for 100.000 Testaments, and recommended hat the distribution in that part of the word be made an essential part of the work of the Union. The gentleman, in a long speech, urged the adoption of the report, as did Mr. Wyczory and Professor Mozzos. It was stated by Man Yyczory that a thorough rivision of the Bible in the German language was contemplated. The report was adopted.

Rev. Mr. Carnoary, from the Committee on Dr. Mason's Letters recommended.